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SANTA FE WEEKLY GAZETTE.

"Independent in all things, Neutral in nothing."

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CHARLESTON.

The Naval Bombardment of Fort Sumter.

Full and Graphic Description.

OFF CHARLESTON HARBOR.
ON BOARD FLAG SHIP NEW HUNGARIES,
Wednesday, April 8, 1863.

The following narrative will, it is hoped, afford material for a just appreciation of the events that transpired in Charleston harbor in day, during those two brief but pregnant hours. It is necessary to premise, however, that in this context everything is so novel and unprecedented that we must be cautious in applying the old standard of judgment to a new order of events.

Terrific though the action of today was, it can hardly be called a battle, for the fleet only left the outposts of the enemy, and, owing to the obstructions, it was never even able to place itself where it was designed to begin operations—namely, on the northwest face of Fort Sumter. It was, in fact, though not in name, yet in reality, a reconnaissance in force. Every thing was untried. Both the work to be done, and the tools with which it was to be done, were comparatively untested. We knew but imperfectly the engines we were to use against the enemy, and we knew still more imperfectly the engines the enemy were to use against us. It is unfortunate, no doubt, that the regulations in the means and methods of offensive and defensive warfare now dawning on the world, and the urgency of the struggle in which the nation is engaged, should have necessitated the launching of a great battle, on elements which are but unknown. The trial, however, had to be made. It has been made, and though we are not sanguine in its results, it is at least a direct material success—we have at least enriched our experience with that which, rightly profited by, will yet bring success.

It would be folly for me to conceal from you that the result of this reconnaissance produces but one conviction on the minds of unprejudiced observers—the conviction of the utter insufficiency of our iron clad fleet to take Charleston alone. I feel it necessary at the outset, however, to indicate to you briefly the considerations that go to create this conviction; and the more so that I readily foresee that there will be some who, simply because the whole fleet was not left at the bottom of Charleston harbor, will be disposed to assert that the trial was insufficient, and will be clamorous for a renewal of it.

The result of the engagement, as already indicated, was to put out of the fight five of the nine iron clads. One of these—the Keokuk, or Whitney battery—was so horribly mangled that, though she was brought out to her old anchorage, she sank.

The other four, though, now that they come to be examined by the engineers, fortunately prove to be not so injured but that they can be soon repaired, were yet so damaged as to be put for the time being "hors du combat." Remember now, that this "hors du combat"—the disabling of one half the entire fleet—was accomplished in less than half an hour. Remember, again, that this took place simply at the entrance of the harbor, and that the fleet must have had to pass to reach Charleston, and that there is before it a double line of batteries stretching up for four miles before the city is gained, at each point of which the ships must have been exposed to a fire equal in intensity to that it felt under the walls of Sumter. But, finally, remember, that rebel artillery was not the most formidable foe our ships had to withstand; that, commencing at the point our fleet reached, directly across from Sumter, and extending all the distance up the city, are successive lines of piles effectually barring the progress of the vessels, and detaining them at known range within the focus of fire; that there are other lines of nets and ropes, for the purpose of fouling the propellers, and that the whole channel is studded with submarine batteries, of proportions never before dreamed of in naval warfare.

And now, before the horrible fascination of battle shall whirl all thoughts and feelings into a tumultuous chaos, it is possible to realize for a moment the true nature of the situation before us.

With respect both to the obstacles we are to meet and the engines with which we are to meet them everything is novel and unprecedented. Comparison is simply impossible, for where there are no points of resemblance comparison is out of the question.

But can you imagine—if one were permitted to play with the elements of time and space—the shade of Nelson transferred from his gun deck off Trafalgar, after but little over half a century, and placed on board one of those iron craft before us; and can you imagine the sensation of that consummate master of all the elements of naval warfare as known in his day? He must be helpless as a child, and bewildered as a man in a dream.

Precisely at half past twelve o'clock the fleet begins to move on to the attack. The line of battle is formed in the order assigned to each ship in the admiral's programme, and the position is marked on the diagram—the Keokuk, which brings up the rear of the line, lying down nearly opposite Light House Inlet, and the others extending at intervals of a cable's length—the Weehawken leading the van.

The head of the line is some four miles from the position the fleet is to make before opening fire, and all the batteries on Morris Island—they must pass within easy range of each—have to be run.

The fleet is hardly in motion, however, when the leading vessel, the Weehawken, stops, and all the others have to stop also. The cause of this delay, as we afterwards learned, was the derangement of the raft which had been attached to the Weehawken for the purpose of exploding torpedoes and clearing away obstructions. This instrument is one of the inventions of Mr. Ericsson's fleet gun, and consists of a raft about twelve feet square, composed of transverse timbers, sixteen inches in thickness, fitted to the prow of the vessel. From the forward part of this raft, sus-

pended from a cable six feet in the water, was a large projectile containing several thousands pounds of powder so constructed that the line of fracture would be forward and latterly, and capable of being exploded from the turret by means of a lanyard. One of the two of these rafts which had been brought down was attached to the Weehawken, which for this reason was assigned the leading position in the line. Owing to the purely experimental character of the device, however, the projectile was not attached to the raft, but in its place a number of grappling irons had been attached, which it was hoped would be found of service in exploding and towing out torpedoes. In the course of getting under way, these grappling irons had become fouled in the anchor cable, and this was the cause of the delay of the Weehawken and of the whole of the fleet.

It takes an hour to put this matter to rights, and at 1-1-2 o'clock the fleet is once more under way. Depend upon it, there are two parties that watch the progress of the iron fleet with an intensity of interest that would almost make to express—spectators, from our vessels, and still more interested spectators in the facts, who kept up a perpetual signaling of its approach from point to point.

Shortly the leading vessel, followed by the other eight iron clads, moves up the Main Ship Channel—the shore of Morris Island, against which from our point, by which we measure the progress of the fleet. The first battery to whose fire it was exposed is Fort Moultrie, and one three hours on it and on the Weehawken, approaching power and danger, for the fleet will then undergo its first fiery baptism.

Five, with tremulous anxiety, comes within range of the fleet. She passes across it still no fire. The second ship comes up, and makes the same silent reconnaissance, and so on, one by one, till, with the Keokuk, the whole line has, by within a single shot from this seemingly formidable work.

Meanwhile, while the fleet is passing, Winnetka, the leading vessel has come up with the first battery—Battery Bee. The same silent reconnaissance for the whole fleet. What is the meaning of this? The sea is so obviously boiling back its fire until he can deliver it with the greatest possible effect.

The line has now passed across Morris Island and reaches to make the entrance at the harbor, coming within the circle of the fire of Fort Sumter, and the batteries on Sullivan's Island. The suspense becomes painful.

"There was silence deeper than death. And the boldest held their breath. For a while."

In an instant a hollow square of smoke rises from the top of Sumter—a hollow square of flame shoots up—a crash electrifying—Jove's dread thunders—bursts on the ear, and a whole broad streamer down from the turret guns. It is precisely four minutes past three in the afternoon.

While the Weehawken is receiving this fire, the others are gradually coming up to the same position, but the leading vessel, instead of passing on shore Sumter, so as to place herself in the prescribed station opposite the northwest face, sheers off to the right, and lays escaped between Sumter and Morris.

Here! what can be the matter?

From our point of view, we can see for the first time that the fleet is not in a line, but that the ships are scattered. Striking from a point close to the north-eastern angle of Fort Sumter, completely across the channel, the Weehawken is a short way, floating on larger billows, on which are hung many points and cables, strung with torpedoes. The vessel comes along at this point, no, the party, accompanied with its peculiar, is that of all motive power, and is at the mercy of the current, to be drifted adrift into the hands of the rebels. If this calamity was not actually realized by the iron clads, it was owing to the admirable skill of the captain of the foremost ship, who, when their vessels were just on the point of fouling, sheered off, and saved themselves and the fleet.

The right hand channel being thus obstructed, it remains to see what can be done with the left between Sumter and Cannon's Point. But this, too, is still more effectually blockaded by a row of piles, rising ten feet above the water, and extending across the whole width of the passage. Looking up the harbor, another row of piles, discloses itself, stretching across from Fort Ripley, on the middle ground to Fort Johnson. It does not stretch entirely across, however, for midway is an opening, inviting the passage of the fleet. Submerged in the water underneath that opening is a torpedo filled with—incalculable though the statement may seem, it is an actual fact—five thousand pounds of powder! Furthermore, above this first line of piles is a second, and above the second a third—while above all, and just behind the upper line of obstructions are the three rebel iron clads drawn up in battle array, vomiting huge clouds of smoke.

You can readily conceive that this unlooked-for stoppage utterly changed the original intentions. The rebels were quite as well aware as we that the northwest face of Sumter is its weakest point; that it was, in fact, never finished, and therefore, that it would be first attacked; and they used means, which admirable engineering skill would suggest, to prevent our reaching it.

This brought to a pause, it only remained for the iron clads to take up such positions as they could. And the complication was further increased by the ill behavior of the flagship, the Ironsides. While steaming along up through the passage in front of Sumter, she is caught by the tow-way, and veered off from her course, and her huge iron frame refusing to obey her rudder, she becomes in a great measure unmanageable. This embarrassed not only her, but all that portion of the fleet following her. The two monitors immediately behind the Catalina and the Nantucket, fell foul of her, the one on one side and the other on the other, and it was full fifteen minutes before they could be got clear, and pass on.

In this plight it only remained for Admiral Dupont to signal to the fleet to disregard the movements of the flagship. This he did, and the ships then assumed such positions as were available and they could gain, the whole number being at the mouth of the harbor, between Cannon's Point and Sullivan's Island, and opposite the northeast and eastern face of Fort Sumter, at distances from six hundred to a thousand yards. While the monitors rapidly indicated in these paragraphs are going on, you must not suppose the enemy is inactive. The powerful work on Cannon's Point, named Battery Bee, opens, the long range rifle ordnance of Fort Moultrie join in, Modiste hurls its heavy metal, the fifty guns that line the Redan wall the fire, and the tremendous armament of Sumter vomits forth its fiery hail.

These now ensue a period, of not more than thirty minutes, which forms the climax and which

beat of the light; for though from the time when fire was opened on the head of the approaching line to the time when the rebel fleet passed out of the enemy's range, covering an interval of two hours and a half, from half past two till five, yet the nature of the light was shut up in these thirty tremendous minutes.

The last resources of the descriptive art, I care not in whose hand, are feeble to paint so terrific and awful a reality. Such a fire, or anything approaching it, was simply never seen before. The married ships are in the focus of a concentric fire of the five powerful works already indicated, from which they are removed only from four to eight hundred yards, and which in all, could not have mounted less than three hundred guns. And, undisturbed, these not the lighter ordnance, such as 32 or 42 pounders, which form the ordinary armament of forts, but of the very heaviest calibre—the finest and largest guns from the spoils of the Norfolk Navy Yard, the splendid and heavy 10 and 11 inch guns cast at the Tredegar Works, and the most approved of English rifled guns (Whitworth and others) of the largest calibre made.

There was something almost pathetic in the spectacle of these little floating islands, exposed to the crushing weight of these forms of metal, hurled against them with the terrific force of modern projectiles, and with such charges of powder as were never before dreamed of in artillery firing. During the climax of the fire, a hundred and sixty shots were counted in a single minute. Some of the commanders of the iron clads afterwards told me that the shot struck their vessels as fast as the ticking of a watch, and not less than thirty five hundred rounds could have been fired by the rebels during the brief engagement.

It was less of the character of an ordinary artillery duel, and more of the proportions of a war of the Titans in the older mythologies, or like to the "Harmattan" of the sun.

While the fleet is receiving the fire from the forts, and in the meantime, see the iron clads doing in return.

On the other being given in disregard the movements of the flagships, the brilliantly audacious did not see the vessel, the Keokuk, up through the others, and laid it seemingly under five walls of Sumter, and within a little more than five hundred yards from it. Close behind him, within six hundred yards of the fort, is the Catalina, commanded by George Rodgers, a son of courage, compact and to both of them could, not help appreciating the explanation of Nelson at Trafalgar:—"See how Gullionwood, that noble fellow, carries his ship into the fight!"

Close by the Monitor, commanded by the hero Worden; while not far removed are the Passaic, the Patuxent, the Nahant, the Nantucket, the Weehawken and the Ironsides.

The whole fleet is devoting itself mainly to the face of Fort Sumter presented to it, with the exception of the Ironsides, which, from its position, can do better work on Fort Moultrie, and is pouring forth its terrible broadside from its seven 10 inch guns on that work.

Could you look through the smoke, and through the flames of the ports into the those revolving towers, a spectacle would meet your eye such as Valhalla might might present. Here are two huge guns which form the armament of Fort Sumter—the one 11 and the other 15 inches in diameter of bore. The gunners, braced with powder and stripped to the waist, are loading the gun. The charges of powder—thirty five pounds to each charge—is passed up rapidly from below; the shot, weighing 120 pounds, is hoisted up by mechanical appliances to the muzzle of the gun and rammed home; the gun is run out to the port, and tightly "engaged," the port is open for an instant, the captain of the gun stands behind, loaded in hand—"Ready, fire!" and the enormous projectile rushes through its huge parabola, with the weight of ten thousand tons, down to its mark.

That mark is the face of Sumter, which already displays palpable proofs of the horrid impact. Half a dozen ugly pock marks show conspicuously, and a huge crater was formed in the parapet near the eastern angle. We look with interest at these effects, and look forward with good hope to see a breach at length effected, if only the iron clads can remain long enough under fire to batter away.

If only they could have remained!

But what craft, pray, could remain under such a hurricane of fire? And what is this coming down out of the light? It is the Keokuk—she knows her way very well, and now comes out to report to the flag ship that she has received her death blow and is in a sinking condition! The flag ship herself has had one of her port shutters shot away, thus exposing her gun deck, and not but shot has penetrated her wooden bow. In addition, three others showed signs of disablement, and there was little more that sufficient daylight left for the fleet to gain its old anchorage. So the admiral at 5 o'clock made signal to retire.

Beyond the fact that half the fleet was disabled, neither those who were engaged, nor we who were spectators, had any means of ascertaining the nature of the damage our iron clads had sustained until the fleet had retired and resumed its old anchorage off the shore of Morris Island. At the conclusion of the fight, however, I obtained the use of a steam tug, and was thus enabled to pass from vessel to vessel. I spent the entire night in this work, and have thus the means to report definitely of the amount and nature of the damage they received. From the nature of the circumstances, the indications can be purely of a descriptive character, without any claim to scientific precision.

The Nahant received in all thirty wounds, several of them bad fractures of the deck and sides, below and above the water line. The most fatal blow, however, was given by a heavy rifled shot, which struck the pilot house, and dislodged several of the bolts, one of which, driven violently downwards, wounded all of the inmates of the pilot house—the captain (Capt. Dupont, of Massachusetts), the pilot (Lieut. Scudell, New Jersey) and the quartermaster (Edward Cobb, Massachusetts). The quartermaster had been struck by the bolt on the back of the skull, which received a compound fracture. When I saw the poor fellow, late at night, he was in a state of coma, his life ebbing away. He died this morning. The pilot's wound was a severe contusion of the neck and shoulder, and he is doing well. The captain received merely a slight contusion of the foot. Other bolts were driven in the turret also, and the following were wounded—John McAllister, seaman (Canada), concussion of brain; John Jackson (Massachusetts), Roland Martin, seaman.

The Passaic also received twenty five or thirty wounds. The most extraordinary shot was from a large 10 inch rifled projectile, which struck the top of the turret, knocking out a huge portion of the iron, breaking all of the eleven plates of an inch

thickness each, and spending its force on the pilot house (which is placed on the top of the turret), in which it made a crater three inches deep, and producing such a shock in the pilot house as to start its top and raise it three inches. Had not the force of the impact been broken on the turret, there can be little doubt that this shot would have gone clear through the pilot house. Another shot, hitting the turret, forcing the place struck inwards, and producing a big swell on the interior. The same shock disabled the carriage of the 11 inch gun, while portions of the interior iron casing fell down, and lodging in the groove of the turret, stopped its revolution.

The Nantucket, besides receiving a number of wounds, had her turret so jarred that the cover of the port could not be opened, and consequently the 10 inch gun could not be used.

These three are all of the Monitor type. In addition, the other Modistes soon received shots more or less, though not disabling them. Thus the Catalina was hit twenty times. The most serious wound from a rifled shot, which broke the deck plating forward, going through it, breaking a beam beneath, and spending its force on an iron chock, which it settled half an inch.

The Ironsides was frequently struck. One of the shots broke off and carried away one of her port shutters, and her wooden bows were penetrated by shells, though they were prevented from doing the damage they otherwise must have done; by Commodore Farrar's prevention of protecting the exposed part of the vessel with sandbags.

But the poor Keokuk—she, of all others, was the most fearfully maltreated.

Such were the results of these thirty minutes' fire which presented themselves to the naval chief, when the reports came in the day after the battle.

Admiral Dupont calls no council of war, but on his own motion decided that the contest must end here. This afternoon there was an informal gathering of the captains of the iron clads on board the flag ship. Rarely was ever a flag so commanded. These men are the very flower of the navy. The line must follow their advice to one who would breathe a whisper of suspicion against their courage or dereliction. Nor there was but one opinion shared in common by all these men—the futility of attempting the attack at present. Let us see on what consideration that opinion is founded.

Viewed strategically, Charleston harbor forms a "red sea," four miles in length from its entrance at Fort Sumter up to the city. This tidal passage varies in width from one to three miles, and is capable of bearing defensive works on each side and on shoal places in mid channel.

On these natural advantages have been brought to bear the finest engineering skill in the Confederacy (and it was the flower of the genius of the Confederacy during a period of two years, Lee, Beauregard and Ripley in succession have exhausted their professional efforts to make it impenetrable). Everything that the most improved modern artillery and unaided resources of labor can do has been done to make the passage of a fleet impossible. And it is impenetrable. Sebastopol was nothing to it.

Our fleet got but to the entrance of the harbor. It never got within it. Had the iron clads succeeded in passing the obstructions, they would still have found these miles of batteries to run. They could have entered an inferno, which like the portals of Dante's hell, might well bear the flaming legend—"Who enters here, leaves hope behind."

I think I am justified in saying that the Admiral and his staff, and the Captains commanding the iron clads, have all along well understood the task that was given them to do, and that they entertained no doubts regarding it. But both the navy and department and the public have—like slaves as to the nature of the work to be done, and deficient as to the instruments with which it is to be done. They saw all the weaknesses of the monitors as well as the strength. They knew that their powers had never been tested.

But with the usual mental logic which characterizes them, our people took everything for granted. Here was a universal passion, for all our ills. Here was a key to unlock all riddles. Take these iron clads, says the Navy Department, knock Sumter into a brick pile, and sail proudly up to demand the surrender of Charleston. Indeed, so patriotically did the government regard the matter that it was thought even unnecessary to have a co-operating land expedition. It will astonish the country to learn that the whole force which General Hunter could spare from his limited command was under seven thousand men! Of course he could do nothing against the force ready to oppose him. From information received from the Spanish Canal, who came out from that city a few weeks ago, the rebel troops for the defence of Charleston numbered at that time 35,000 men, and their railroad facilities would easily enable them, in twenty four hours, to bring the force up to a hundred thousand. General Hunter frankly told Admiral Dupont that he could do nothing to aid him. He could garner in what the navy needed, but he could do nothing in the heat and labor of the field. The military force, indeed, never got any further up than Stono to let a dozen miles from Charleston harbor, where it was to effect a landing on Folly Island, for the purpose of making a diversion. I can make no report of what was done. If anything, but it had no direct bearing on the business in hand. Thus left alone, the naval chief had eleven hundred men (the whole force of the iron fleet), with which to take and hold a dozen forts! Could the ecstasy of folly be further gone.

The Shooting of Lieut. Colonel Kimball

LETTER FROM GENERAL CONGER.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST DIVISION, SEVENTH ARMY CORPS, STAFFORD, VA., April 17.
Col. Hawkins, Commanding Ninth Regiment N. Y. A. (Hawkins' Zouaves).

COMFORT: To prevent any misunderstanding I send you a brief statement in relation to the affair of Sunday morning, which resulted. I regret to say, in the death of Lieut. Col. Kimball.

About a quarter before three o'clock a. m. I left my quarters and proceeded along the main road toward the front lines for the purpose of having the troops under arms at three o'clock, in obedience to an order from the Major General commanding. When I arrived opposite the hospital of my brigade an officer, whose rank I could not recognize (he might have been very dark), and whom I judged to be such only from the fact of his having a sword, rushed out in front of me and ordered a halt. Halting, I asked if it was Doctor Heath (one of the surgeons of the Irish legion), and was answered by another order to halt, with the additional remark: "It is none of your God d—d business, I want the countersign." Perceiving it was not the doctor, I requested to know the object of his halting me, and his name, rank, and authority,

but could not obtain any other reply than "that it was none of my God d—d business." I repeated the question several times, and received similar answers, with the exception that the countersign was not demanded more than once, and he added, "You cannot pass here." I expostulated with him upon such conduct, and told him to remember that he was not on duty, and had no right to be there and stop me from proceeding, and that he must let me pass. I asked him if he knew who he was talking to, and then gave him my name, and rank, telling him also that I was going to the front under orders, and even my business there, but it was of no avail. He answered: "I do not care a God d—d if you are." Again told him that I should pass, and warned him several times to get out of my way, and attempted to proceed. He thereupon put himself in a determined attitude to prevent my progress, and brandishing his sword in one hand and having his other on his pistol (as I then supposed), made a motion toward me with the evident design of using them, and at the same time stated "I will be God d—d if you shall!" It was at this point that I used my weapon. It seemed that the more I endeavored to persuade the more obstinate he became. Nothing but the consideration that my life was in danger, which I had every reason to fear, and the duty that was incumbent upon me at that particular time, when an attack upon our lines was apprehended, would have justified me in my own mind in taking the measure I then did. As a soldier of long service, I am convinced that you will recognize the necessity and lawfulness of the act, however much you may regret that it was one of your number that caused it, and none does more than myself, for, although I had never before seen Col. Kimball, that I am aware of I had learned to respect him, or his gallantry in several engagements of the present war. It was not until after the occurrence that I learned who it was, but had he been my best friend I cannot see how it could have resulted otherwise from the part he acted on that occasion. With no authority to demand the countersign, I would have been derelict in my duty had I yielded to his demand. His refusal to give me his name, or rank, or any information about him, or upon his authority (if any) he assumed to act, (the fact being, as you are well aware, that he had none), especially as his request was couched in the terms I have stated, and the enemy was immediately in our front, called upon me to act with more than ordinary precaution in revealing the countersign, and not unless to one entitled to it.

But, besides this, the personal violence I had just cause to fear, gave me an undoubted right to protect myself against it.

I intended to have sent this statement before, but my duties for the past few days have prevented it, and I have now been obliged to make it hurriedly, hoping thereby to correct any erroneous impressions that may have been made, and to prevent them in the future.

I will only be too glad to have an official investigation of the matter at any time.

I am, Colonel, your obedient servant.

MICHAEL CURRIERAN,
Brigadier General.

Southern News.

ARRIVAL OF TEXAS PRISONERS.

From the Richmond Examiner, 10th.

There were received at the Libby Prison, on Wednesday, four hundred and twenty three prisoners of war from the West, being a portion of those captured by General Forrest in his dash on Brentsville, Kentucky. They are composed of the Twenty-second Wisconsin and Nineteenth Michigan Regiments. Three hundred more of the same lot will arrive to day, and the addition will make about a thousand prisoners in the Libby jail. A flag of truce will carry off about one half the number either to day or to-morrow.

LABORERS WANTED.

The Examiner contains the following advertisement: "Laborers wanted; free, slaves, or white. Engineer Department wish to hire one thousand laborers to work on the Richmond defenses. Will pay one dollar per day, ration and medical attendance."

MARYLANDERS IN THE CONFEDERACY

In the Confederate Senate on Thursday, Mr. Russell, from the Committee on the Judiciary, reported back the bill to provide for placing in the military service of the Confederate States citizens from Maryland, residing orjourning within the limits of the Confederacy. Committee ask to be discharged from its further consideration, and that it be referred to the Military Committee.

The Committee on the Judiciary express the opinion that Congress has power to pass law.

Mr. Vest, of Missouri, was opposed to making Maryland the special subject of Congressional action in this respect. He proposed to offer an amendment, if he had an opportunity, to provide for placing Marylanders and foreigners in military service so as to give it broader application.

Mr. Foote protested against any action for the purpose of particularizing the people of the State of Maryland, by placing any indignity upon them. He would not aid in making the fact known that there was any doubt entertained that those people were citizens of the Confederate States.

He was in favor of placing in service, all those foreigners who were engaged in extraction, but the bill proposed to inflict an insult upon the patriotic Marylanders to which he would never consent. He moved that the committee be instructed to report a bill to include in the operation of the conscript law all persons of a foreign birth, with their specified ages.

Mr. Boyce, of South Carolina, hoped the bill would be referred to the Military Committee. He thought it was a subject of much importance.

Mr. Foote withdrew his motion to instruct, and the bill was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs.

The Democracy of Illinois.

The Chicago Times says in answer to the many calumnies respecting the sentiments of the Democrats of that State, that there is not in Illinois a faction, and we do not believe there is an individual of the Democratic party, contending for "peace at any price." The Democratic party of Illinois is as perfectly united on the question of the war as it ever was on any question, and its exact position is stated in the resolutions of the Legislature by the unanimous vote of the Democratic members, and in the resolutions of the large number of Democratic county conventions recently held. Not a word can be found in any of these resolutions looking to a settlement of the national difficulties on any other terms than the Union, not one word. If there is a Democrat in Illinois who looks to a settlement of the national difficulties on any terms other than the Union, we do not know him and have not heard of him."